St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

FEB 8 60

Courbet's Democratic Art
—Betty Kaufman

THE

Commonweal

Latin American Complaints
by C. K. Yearley, Jr.

Trade Union Giant
by Charles Owen Rice

Albert Camus: 1913-1960
by Wallace Fowlie

MAILER'S ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . . *by James Finn*
SCIENCE AND HUMANITY . . . . . *by Martin Green*
EAST-WEST ENCOUNTER . . . . . *by Jean Holzhauer*

olume LXXI, No. 20 February 12, 1960 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MONTH

IN JANUARY, 1959, we began to publish, in each issue, a series of articles on the principal mystical and ascetical teachers of the Church. Outstanding studies on St. Bede, Walter Hilton, John Cassian, and several other spiritual writers have already appeared. The series when completed will form an unusual and fascinating history of mysticism, for the teaching of each of the great figures will be set in an individual and personal framework. A list of some of the articles and authors to be published during the next two or three years is given below:

ORIGEN
Henri Crouzel, S.J.
ST. BENEDICT
David Knowles
WILLIAM FLETE
Aubrey Gwynn, S.J.
THE MONK OF FARNE
Hugh Farmer, O.S.B.
ST. BERNARD
William Yeomans, S.J.
AUGUSTINE BAKER
Renée Haynes
ST. FRANCIS DE SALES
Anthony Levi, S.J.
ST. BRUNO
A Monk of Parkminster
DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE
John Vanneste, S.J.
JULIANA OF NORWICH
Anna Maria Reynolds
RICHARD OF ST. VICTOR
John Bligh, S.J.
WILLIAM OF ST. THIERRY
Odo Brooke, O.S.B.
PÈRE SURIN
Michel de Certeau, S.J.
DENYS THE CARTHUSIAN
A Monk of Parkminster
ST. GREGORY OF NYSSA
Jean Daniélou, S.J.
JOHN SCOT ERIGENA
Jean-Marie Déchanet, O.S.B.
ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA
Paul Molinari, S.J.
VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS
P. G. Walsh
ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA
Maurice Giuliani, S.J.
PÈRE DE CAUSSADE
George Scott-Moncrieff
MEISTER ECKHART
Elmer O'Brien, S.J.
MECHTILDE OF MAGDEBURG
Eric Colledge

Annual Subscription (12 issues), $6

THE MONTH, 31 Farm Street, London, W.1, England

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 535

Latin American Complaints
by C. K. Yearley, Jr. 539

Trade Union Giant
by Charles Owen Rice 542

Winter Departure: A Poem
by Raymond Roseliep 544

Leave it to the Experts?
by John Cogley 545

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 546

Communications 547

Albert Camus: 1913-1960
by Wallace Fowlie 549

Books 551

Art: Courbet's Democratic Art
by Betty Kaufman 554

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly during July and August, at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1960 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.
U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢
Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

VICTORY FOR DE GAULLE

A FEW days ago it seemed that the Algerian extremists might succeed in dismembering the French state, toppling the Fifth Republic and perhaps even bringing down de Gaulle from his lofty place at the head of that Republic. The future course of African nationalism, the unity of France, the fate of N.A.T.O., the whole balance of international relations, was thrown into the gravest jeopardy by the uprising of the French *colons.*

In the darkest hours of the crisis, it was clear that if France could be saved at all from the chaos which threatened it would be saved through the efforts of Charles de Gaulle alone. But in those dark hours it was by no means clear that France could be saved, even by de Gaulle.

It seems almost miraculous that now, only a few days later, the storm appears to have spent itself, leaving France and the Fifth Republic as strong and secure as they were before the violence erupted. In fact, it may even be that the prospects for peace in Algeria and stability in France have been enhanced by the clear victory of law and governmental order. It is not unreasonable to hope that the insurrection in Algiers represented the last gasp on the part of the intransigent Right, the last gesture of defiance on the part of the doomed professional army class. If so, the Paris government will have gained the strength to assert the authority given it by the Constitution; it will be able to exercise the power it has had in theory but not in fact. In a word, France can move toward a secure and stable government of law, administered by elected officers, and away from a government of concession and compromise among the nation's several power centers.

For without the support of the army, the French *colons* will be powerless to obstruct whatever arrangements are made with the Algerian nationalists. And such a development will enable the rebels to put more trust in the promises of the de Gaulle government. A good part of the reluctance of the native leaders to lay down their arms and negotiate has been based on the obviously shaky authority over the army which de Gaulle has hitherto wielded. The emphatic victory which de Gaulle has now won makes the end of the Algerian war seem, if not imminent, at least closer than it was.

FOR THESE reasons, there is much to be thankful for in the way things turned out. And there can be no hesitation in paying to President de Gaulle the tribute he has so spectacularly earned. He has once again rescued his country from disaster, by means of courage and dedication, which he had shown before, but also by means of a political expertness which he had not previously seemed to possess.

Having said all this, however, there are some less cheering notations to be made. The crisis which France has just gone through has underscored anew the strength and vision of its President; but, because the question of stability versus anarchy hinged so completely on the decisions of President de Gaulle alone, it underscored also the weakness and lack of vision which would have prevailed without him.

Without de Gaulle, France would be in chaos. This seems indisputable, and it is an ominous fact. One is thankful for de Gaulle, but there is no comfort in the thought of a nation's well-being depending so utterly on the one man who leads it. From the beginning, the authoritarianism of de Gaulle's administration has troubled believers in democracy both inside France and elsewhere; the insistent claims of *la gloire* for France have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troubled those who would like to see limitation rather than enlargement of the armaments race and those who are working to reduce the nationalist rivalries which have for centuries beset Europe.

De Gaulle, of course, believes that the survival of France as a nation demands the actions he has taken. Certainly the events which have followed his access to power do not contradict him. And certainly his handling of this latest crisis indicates a genuine commitment to constitutional government. But even as these desperate dangers to peace and order have been met and overcome, France's long-term problem of government continues to hang overhead. Almost by himself, de Gaulle must somehow transform his beloved France into what she is not now—a stable, viable constitutional democracy. Unfortunately, the worst of the struggle is still before him. And time is running out.

A MILDER SANCTION

ATTORNEY General Rogers' recent proposal, to substitute a scheme of locally named voting referees for the Federal registrars that would be appointed by the President in the Federal Civil Rights Commission recommendation, inspires conflicting feelings.

Any Administration move to exert real pressure to obtain civil rights is welcome, for in recent years opposition to school integration in the South has, if anything, increased Negro disenfranchisement. Also, the Rights Commission's registrar plan has been getting nowhere, and perhaps this milder proposal, with its deference to fiercely local sentiment, would stand some chance of enactment. But Mr. Rogers' suggestion has, in an election year, some obvious political implications. The Attorney General has long been a close associate of Mr. Nixon's. And after little more than empty gestures hitherto, the Administration could thereby make a play for Northern Negro, and even for generally liberal, votes. The plan would thus place Democrats, both North and South, in troublesome positions.

However, if on this issue Republican Congressmen were to ally themselves with the Northern Democrats for a change, some useful proposal might be adopted. All too often issues as important as this one do get to be decided through purely partisan considerations.

It is high time something tangible be done. The widespread denial of the Negro's right to vote is a flagrant violation of the Fifteenth Amendment and of this nation's most cherished political ideals. On various pretexts, and at times by outright intimidation, Negroes in many states are still being kept from voting. This deplorable situation has lasted so long that almost any means of exerting effective pressure would involve a welcome gain. The referees that would be appointed by local Federal judges at the instance of the Justice Department, according to the Rogers plan, could apparently do something to protect and extend this citizens' basic right.

CUBA'S UNEASY PATH

THE NEWS about Cuban-United States relations continues as before—mixed. There is evidence that President Eisenhower's thoughtful, temperate comments have had the hoped for consequences. The misdirected and irresponsible attacks against the United States, which had almost become Cuba's main item of export, have been stopped. The tide of expressed opinion has not yet shifted to positive praise of U.S. policy, nor can this be an immediate expectation, but the mere cessation of attack is a marked improvement.

As if to offset undue optimism, almost simultaneously with the cessation of attacks on U.S. policy came the news that Anastas Mikoyan had been invited to open the traveling Soviet exhibit

George N. Shuster Honored

A special academic convocation at Hunter College in New York to honor George N. Shuster, who until 1937 was Managing Editor of The Commonweal, was held January 26. Dr. Shuster is retiring after serving as President of Hunter College for the past two decades, and more than two thousand people came to applaud his achievements there. The invocation was delivered by Cardinal Spellman and the principal address by Henry T. Heald, President of the Ford Foundation. He was also honored as a "public citizen" for substantial accomplishments as a scholar, teacher, writer, editor and statesman—as well as for his success as Land Commissioner for Bavaria after World War II and as United States representative on UNESCO, and as an active member of many organizations of broad concern, among them the Fund for the Republic, the Institute of International Education and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that now is scheduled for Havana. In inviting Mr. Mikoyan, Premier Castro is following the practice which was started by the U.S. when it suggested that Mr. Nixon inaugurate the U.S. exhibition in Russia. Nevertheless, the direct invitation of a ranking Communist leader does nothing to lessen the concern of those who fear the influence of Communism in Cuba.

It may be that Mikoyan will properly assess Castro and his regime and pave the way toward improved Cuban-Russian relations. But it may also be that familiarity will breed something other than close relations, that the volatile Cuban leader will welcome suggestions from a Communist leader no more than he does suggestions from even those Americans who clearly sympathize with the overall intention of the revolution and reform. Castro has shown little evidence that he has a strong, clearly developed political policy. He has some programs which he is intent upon carrying out with as little interference and criticism as possible. His strongest points, therefore, frequently seem more negative than positive. But whether the Russians are subjected to his temper or not, the present policy of the U.S., the path of patience, understanding and watchfulness, is clearly the best for us, for Cuba and for Latin America.

INTER-UNION FEUDING

NO ONE really likes an inter-union jurisdictional dispute. For decades, feuding between rival unions has given labor a black eye with those outside the movement. In addition, it has often dissipated energies on internal squabbling that might better have been expended in seeking legitimate social aims. For all these reasons, one must welcome the news that leaders of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. have agreed on the basic terms of a peace pact designed to end such inter-union struggles.

According to the published reports, a detailed plan has been arrived at by a special committee which will shortly be submitted to the annual mid-winter meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council. The heart of the plan involves referring disputes over job rights and organizational jurisdiction to a binding arbitration, and the plan would include an absolute ban on boycotts by one union of goods produced by members of another.

To those unfamiliar with the labor movement, a solution to this problem based on binding arbitration may seem like obvious common sense, and they may well wonder what the cheering is all about. In a way, such comments are justified, for America has suffered some ridiculous jurisdictional disputes. But arguments over job rights are often highly charged with emotion, especially in periods when jobs are scarce, and jurisdictional disputes which seem pointless to the outsider are sometimes the hardest to solve.

Even now, it would be premature to say that a final or complete solution has been reached. The present plan must be approved by the executive council, and once over this hurdle it must be approved by the delegates to an A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention. It should be noted, too, that no-raiding pacts involve certain dangers. Any plan to reduce jurisdictional disputes should be approved only if it is quite clear that internal labor reform is carried forward vigorously; tainted locals should never be allowed to keep captive members under the guise of a ban on jurisdictional disputes and inter-union raiding. With such necessary safeguards, however, a ban on inter-union feuding over job rights and organizational jurisdiction is a good thing, and long overdue.

SPEAKING OUT

THE NATIONAL Catholic Rural Life Conference in its four decades of existence has been forthright in the expression of its objectives for its own membership and the nation's farm families generally. But up to now it has not taken sides for or against any of America's three main farmers' organizations: the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange and the Farmers' Union, despite a general tendency to see eye to eye with the last on many points. Now, however, its official monthly, *Catholic Rural Life*, of Des Moines, Iowa, takes out after the Farm Bureau.

This journal finds itself at odds with the Bureau on a number of issues. It cites Farm Bureau opposition to food stamp plans for the needy, to compensatory farm payments and to further distribution of American surpluses overseas—as well as the Bureau's attitude on collective bargaining for farm workers and Federal protection for migrants.

Such a stand harmonizes with the positions taken at Milwaukee by the Conference's Executive Committee. One resolution declares: "These workers have a God-given right to form unions and to demand wages and living conditions in keeping with human dignity. We urge legislation which would encourage the formation of such unions and the establishment of minimum wages for farm work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers. We protest against those laws which make possible a trafficking in migratory laborers in a manner suggesting that such laborers are mere chattels."

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT

AT A TIME when partisan political emotions threaten to complicate and obscure many serious issues which face the United States, it is heartening to find bipartisan agreement concerning United States' participation in the International Court of Justice. Now before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is a resolution which, if accepted, would eliminate the Connally Amendment and strengthen the International Court.

In 1946, when the country was called upon to consider participation in the Court, an agency of the U.N., the Senate first adopted a restricting amendment before approving the treaty. The amendment, which bears the name of Tom Connally, then a Democratic Senator from Texas, reserved to the U.S. the right to determine whether a dispute is essentially a domestic matter and, thereby, excluded from International Court adjudication. The amendment was adopted 51 to 12.

Senator Hubert Humphrey, sponsor of the resolution to remove the Connally amendment, pointed out that the position of the U.S. helped to render the court "an ineffective instrument of world peace —without authority to dispose of disputes between nations by way of peaceful judicial determination. Our great nation must bear responsibility for having created one of the major roadblocks to an effective International Court of Justice because other nations generally followed the American lead."

The objection to Senator Humphrey's stand, the objection which carried the day in 1946 and which still shapes the opinion of such groups as the Daughters of the American Revolution, is that without the protection of the Connally Amendment the U.S. would be surrendering up her sovereignty. This fear has even less force now than when it was first advanced, for the fourteen years of the court's performance have shown the solicitude it has for the areas of its jurisdiction. Further, no other N.A.T.O. nation now has such a reservation.

Although the Senate Resolution was introduced by Senator Humphrey, it has the support not only of Democrats Adlai Stevenson and Senator J. W. Fulbright but Attorney General William P. Rogers, Christian Herter, Richard Nixon and President Eisenhower. All of these clearly think that, without endangering the sovereignty of the U.S., the resolution will strengthen the International Court and make more likely the substitution of law for force. With no quixotic hope that the International Court will solve all problems or bridge the many real divisions between countries, we think the resolution deserves support.

RELIGION ON TELEVISION

ONE OF the editors of this magazine recently attended a day-long conference on the role of religion in television, sponsored jointly by the American Jewish Committee, the National Council of Churches, and the National Council of Catholic Men, which is responsible for much of the Catholic programming on T.V. A good part of the day's discussion was technical, and these pages are not the proper place for a full report on the proceedings, except to note that our editor was impressed with the variety of efforts being made by those involved, often under considerable difficulty. But one point that was not touched on in this conference does seem in order, and that is the question not of how religious groups use television but of how television views religion.

Religious programs that we have seen on T.V. ranged from bad to brilliant. Anyone who knows the problems of the religious broadcaster will be inclined to be amazed at the brilliant and to sympathize with the bad. But, bad or brilliant, religious television is with very few exceptions limited to a time ghetto even more confining than that normally reserved for adult or intellectual programming in general. No matter how good a program may be, for example, showing it at ten on Sunday morning automatically and sharply reduces the number of its viewers. The impact of religion on American life as a whole is far from what it should be, but one cannot help feeling that the nation would be in sorry shape indeed if the American people took religion as unseriously as the television industry obviously does.

By now, no doubt, the situation represents a circle that is, while not vicious, hard to break. But if the post-Van Doren television industry is interested in more serious efforts toward public service programming, this might be an ideal time for an effort to be made. We do not think there is any real shortage of talent or material for good religious television, if better times and more funds are made available—and if religion is taken even half as seriously as it ought to be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latin American Complaints

Our friends seem to reason that those who helped bring rain must also share blame for the drought

by C. K. YEARLEY, JR.

THE DAILY headlines continue to dramatize the penance currently being done for our diplomacy's long-standing preoccupations beyond the hemisphere, and for the attendant and all but inevitable attrition of our Latin American goodwill. Whatever Mr. Nixon's quixotic misadventures may have contributed to the martyrology of which Presidential candidates are made, the results of his South American junket of a year ago unquestionably pricked the Administration into more enterprising efforts to mollify our less impassioned Latin critics.

Subsequent events, most recently the furor in Panama and the anti-Yankee bitterness which seethes in Cuba, have done nothing to restore official complacency. Witness the reconnoiterings of Dr. Milton Eisenhower across the Caribbean, the swift recognition of Fidel Castro and our suddenly antiseptic relations with the fallen Batista. Witness too the extraordinary restraint of our responses to Castro's baiting, the discreet shuffling of diplomatic personnel, the decision to collaborate with the Mexicans in construction of the Rio Grande's El Diablo Dam, the President's announcement that he will extend his personal diplomatic mission to the Latin American countries, and the surge of State Department and Congressional rhetoric implying, however tenuously, further aid and development programs for our southern neighbors.

While other Americans may interpret such solicitous rituals as the preface to more substantial evidence of hemispheric togetherness, many of our own citizens are apt to wonder why such genuflections are necessary at all. Admittedly a generation ago our fund of goodwill south of the border would not have survived an audit. Washington's pious platitudes concerning Pan-American peace and commerce were then suspected, and not unreasonably, of screening private plans for the conversion of the Southern half of the Hemisphere into what one gauche politician described as the American India.

But, although vestigial fears of political intervention loiter still among the idols of the market place, they have for years been wholly baseless. Yankee imperialism replete with protectorates and customs supervision, marines and the big stick, distortions of the Monroe Doctrine and grosser manifestations of dollar diplomacy have long been replaced by more enlightened policies. And these, if only because of their passivity, have led many who opposed our former delinquencies to assume, as a consequence, that we finally qualified as good neighbors. Why then the tides of anti-Americanism?

HAD THE capacities and aspirations of millions of Latins remained in consonance with relatively slow rates of change, our official abstention from interference in their affairs might well have continued earning us friendships, as for a time this approach actually did. Nonetheless, despite exceptions and complexities that weaken generalizations about Latin America, the undynamic attitudes prevalent until recently in so many places have been briskly reshaped during the past eighteen years. Once stigmatized as economically "underdeveloped," these Americans are now absorbed in the tasks of seizing their environments by the lapels and shaking them into submission.

Economic expansion in many areas of Latin America has proved amazing by any standards. Some neighboring economies have been growing faster than is our own at present, which is not surprising considering their different stages of development, but they are also—and surprisingly—demonstrating rates of growth as great as any ever experienced by our own economy. Moreover, the average annual rise in per capita income for Latin America, according to U.N. figures, has exceeded the rise in per capita income in this country between 1869 and 1952, a period inclusive of much of our most rapid economic development.

Mr. Yearley, a member of the history department at the University of Florida, is a regular contributor to this magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rate of Latin American population increase, over-all, is the world's highest. Markets there are broadening more quickly than our own; small cadres of the old bourgeoisie have swelled out into solidly based middle classes; emergent movements of workingmen in recent years have won appreciable power, notably in Bolivia and Argentina; Brazilians have embarked upon bold physical and administrative pioneering in their interior provinces; and governments in Chile, Peru, and Venezuela, like others, have made imaginative attempts to channel national resources into *fomento* (development) programs, raising the steel mills, hydroelectric plants and other basic industries so symbolic of the new social goals. While these random facts are not evidence of unimpeded progress, they are unmistakable signs of ferment within a great economic frontier.

In seeking explanations for sharpening criticisms of United States policies and attitudes from within the region, the existence of this vast economic frontier may be the key. Frontiers seek their cure-alls in capital; thus their fears of a financial "starving time" react upon the sources of supply. Through the first world war, of course, such cries of distress or dissent were funneled through Lombard Street and the money marts of the Continent. Financially as well as culturally, Latin Americans faced eastward across the old imperial seaways, so much so that South American visitors to the States often came to us by way of Europe. The rise of the United States as a creditor nation, demands for raw materials, and our displacement of the British during the twenties as the chief foreign investors in the region, altered this situation and subsequently produced a new economic tropism.

Hence about the time the State Department was discovering the wisdom of leaving the Americas to themselves, these same states were responding naturally to the shift of the world's financial center across the Atlantic and were turning more directly toward us in the hope of attracting capital and portfolio investments. This symbiotic relationship never seemed closer or more satisfactory than during the second world war. Massive injections of capital in the form of additional private investments and government purchases, grants, and credits flowed southward, thereby stimulating the building revolutions of rising expectations. There is little doubt that even when couched in the vernacular of ultra-nationalists or the irrational elements of the political left, recent anti-Americanism has been rooted largely in the problems produced by this extraordinary acceleration of activity and by the tumultous changes that have followed in its wake.

THE TRUTH is that, notwithstanding a display of great vitality and potential, many Latin countries have lately been wracked by growing pains similar to those experienced at times in other expanding economies, our own as well. While achievements, for example, have been significant in some sectors, in others they have been meager. Latin economies, including those of our best customers, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, Cuba, Colombia, Chile, and Argentina, are likewise still extractive—dedicated to satisfying the voracious appetites for raw materials and foodstuffs characteristic of our own and other sophisticated industrial systems.

As was the case once with the American South, so too many of these states thus rely rather precariously on an exceedingly narrow range of products for their national earnings; oil and coffee, tin, copper, lead, or zinc, bananas and sugar, cotton, meat, and wool. In addition they have suffered from inflation, the effects of our recession, competition from other extractive areas, Africa in particular, and from a shortage of dollars—all in all an imposing catalogue of difficulties. These conditions, plus extremes of wealth and poverty, social unrest, understandable but unwise and fiscally unsupportable political or social projects, and in a few instances the depredations of the now dwindling number of dictators, have all accentuated lopsided growth, instability, and vulnerability to fluctuations in world markets.

Since our friends reason that those who helped bring rain must also share blame for the drought, they have been prone to brand us the authors of their financial woes. They suggest, for instance, that having exerted themselves in wartime service for a common cause, they risked overdevelopment along certain lines and courted future insecurity on the presumption that after victory the United States would recognize its reciprocal obligations. Instead, we are told, we failed them. Our altered patterns of postwar spending struck them, in Clement Motten's words, as a sad case of "seduction and rejection." They considered it ironic that just as their separation from Europe was virtually complete and necessity required them to look northward more expectantly than ever, the United States blandly ignored them, preferring to focus its attention elsewhere.

Thus although few Latin Americans assailed the virtues of the Marshall Plan or subsequent assistance to the needy constituents of containment, many felt that charity should begin within the hemisphere, and they vigorously questioned whatever warped logic sanctioned the bestowal of more lavish bounties upon our former enemies, Fascist or Communist dictatorships, than upon our closest good neighbors. Latins further informed us that the anomalies of our aid programs have been fully matched by other abuses of friendship. We have been pointedly reminded that Venezuela's Plan for an inter-American development bank was sent northward, it would seem, to no better purpose than to be interred beneath statements of solidarity; U.S. tariffs propitiating protectionist interests that sustain a hand-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful of Congressmen were allowed to debilitate vital interests in Bolivia, Mexico, Uruguay, Chile, and Peru; and, finally, U.S. companies inside Latin countries have been scored for interfering in domestic politics—a reference to the alleged roles of the United Fruit Company during the Arbenz regime in Guatemala and American concessionaires in Paraguay. Such charges reflect on a general situation which led one official of the O.A.S. to describe hemispheric relations as worse than they have been since the nineteen twenties.

WITHOUT doubt many of our Latin neighbors are running a gamut of troubles, some of which, for various reasons, among them tariffs and quotas, we have made harder to bear. But it simply does not follow, especially after evaluating the whole range of our activities in this region—both public and private—that recent criticisms should be allowed to register with full force.

Latin definitions of "neglect," first of all, need to be placed in perspective. Recent studies by J. Fred Rippy, a mature and respected student of Latin-American relations, indicate that barring six countries bordering the Sino-Soviet frontiers whose strategic positions gave them understandable priorities, and two other states (the Philippine Republic and Israel) which comparatively speaking we have indulged, Latin states have not been stinted on technical or economic assistance. Using twenty states of Africa and Asia whose circumstances afford a fairer yardstick for comparison than the favored eight, Rippy finds that the twenty states of Latin America "whose population is only one-fourth as large, whose situation is less perilous, and whose needs are less urgent in most cases," received about two and a quarter billion dollars, or about fifty-six million more than the twenty Afro-Asian states.

When, in addition, it is remembered that since the Korean War our economic aid to Latin America has tripled, that hundreds of millions of dollars have moved southward through channels so numerous that they are largely unknown even to well-informed laymen in this country, then "neglect" becomes an increasingly harsh term. Despite damaging tariffs and threats of more to come, moreover, it is worth noting that the general set of business attitudes, at least as expressed through official policies, has continued even under the Republicans in the direction of more liberal international trade.

Our private sins are also partially offset by redeeming virtues. Although the types of United States investment in the region have changed somewhat, though not away from the basic industries, and while the rate of capital flow toward Canada, rather than toward Latin America, has increased during the past few years, Latin America is still easily the area most favored by our foreign investors. Investments there account for nearly eight billion dollars worth, or nearly a third, of our total foreign investments. In addition, compared to the activities of representative American companies operating in the region a generation and more ago, present U.S. businesses there have probably adjusted more satisfactorily to the wishes of their hosts than ever before. Studied efforts, at times under compulsion from the host state to be sure, have encouraged joint ownership or operation that includes the host's nationals. The programs of The Foreign Power System in eleven Latin states, or the arrangements of Sears Roebuck, Westinghouse and Pennsalt in Mexico are typical of the new departures.

Since these U.S. companies are private profit-making concerns there is little difficulty in demonstrating that they have taken large sums out of the host countries over the past quarter of a century; but it would be untrue to suggest that they have not been beneficial to the economic development of their hosts. Much money earned by such organizations, through taxes, welfare programs, reinvestment and similar financial activity, is plowed back into the national economy. Even the United Fruit Company, a favorite target of anti-Americans, emerges unscathed from Stacy May and Galo Plaza's dispassionate study for the National Planning Association; in recent years its record of political neutrality and economic creativity has been impressive.

JUDGED in their entirety, particularly against our unsavory role in earlier generations, the public and private performance of the United States in Latin America does not square well with the critics' picture. All things considered, and without being unduly perverse, we have grounds for wondering why our reputation is not at its zenith. That we still have a long way to go in living and working abroad is simple truth; but then so do the Latins.

For instance, while asking U.S. capital to assume risks in their countries, Latin investors have put nearly two billion dollars into presumably safer and more profitable investments beyond their own region. Further, the attempts of governments to move their people too swiftly forward and beyond their capital resources have been notoriously productive of instability and inflation. To such official shortcomings, in fact, Virgil Salera of the Pan American Union has added the loose administration of law, uncertainties and delays, a lack of confidence in private enterprise, unwise tax policies, the insecurity of property, political tumult, as well as an unwillingness to facilitate convertibility, or the movement of capital and profit out of the host country, all of which discourage the influx of capital and the kind of economic development desired.

Such evidence should, of course, contribute something to better understanding. Latins have tended to be unduly critical. We have displayed too little empathy for people moving toward modernization and have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overdone sermons on self-help. Recognition of these things is devoutly to be wished. For our part, however, it would be unreasonable to expect very much reason to prevail, particularly when times are troubled. Nor, though experts know well enough what must be done economically to improve relations, are either we or our Latin friends likely to move rapidly in the near future to do them. Criticism is not going to cease; and we will probably never be as culpable as charged.

If it is any comfort, our situation is not a novel one. It is difficult to recall a frontier at any time that bore much affection for its creditors or for capitalists from beyond the pale. We might cite our own reaction to British investors and a world dominated by London and the pound sterling in the nineteenth century. Indeed, the suspicions and distrust rife even today in our own West against the Robber Barons and Princes of Wall Street should help us put our present Latin American woes and troubles in something like the context they demand.

JOHN L. LEWIS CLOSES AN ERA

Trade Union Giant

by CHARLES OWEN RICE

JOHN L. LEWIS has hardly changed at all since he suddenly turned up as acting-President of the United Mine Workers forty-one years ago. He was then a mature man, adroit in maneuver, skilled in the odd rolling oratory so strangely effective with union members, calm but loud in combat, steeped in trade union traditions and wise in the ways and thought processes of working men.

In obscurity he had prepared himself for a great role and from the moment he acquired power, he knew how to maintain it and use it. Not all the miners liked the strong hand they felt on the reins, and he had to deal with revolts for many years. Even though he was magnanimous with conquered foes, the struggles left a legacy of bitterness, some of which lasts even to this day. But he has won through to a sort of serenity and acceptance, which are occasionally disturbed, punctuated rather, by his own rumbling, as he begins to bow out of the leadership of his union.

With little variation, he has, from his first day in office, governed—and governed is the right word—in this fashion: he has demanded conformance in matters of policy and, at the same time, given the widest latitude in matters of administration to those with whom he has consented to share his power. People who opposed him or would not conform were removed with finesse, or just run over, as the circumstances required.

John L. Lewis worked for the welfare of the miners, as he saw it, and for the labor movement as a whole, but he worked, and wanted to work, only with complete freedom of movement. The grand plan was his, and certain sorties and diversionary attacks were sacred because they were part of his personal feuds with other great men and with certain institutions, but the working out of immediate battle plans was generally left to subordinates. It is significant that he is gradually giving up his power at a time when such a method of control and operation appears to be no longer possible in the labor movement.

As new head of the Miners, forty years ago, Lewis was immediately confronted with a progressive deterioration of the coal industry and of the union. Too much coal was being dug out of too many mines; marginal mines added to the glut and to the union's difficulty; and union and industry were plagued, even this early, with massive low-wage Southern competition.

Using standard trade union tactics, Lewis fought with tenacity and courage. He called strikes, and negotiated good contracts; but the market for coal collapsed so rapidly that the contracts were useless and unenforceable. He went further in that he worked with men of stature in government and commerce trying to stabilize the industry; but the industry could not match the stability of the union and eventually it disintegrated into anarchy. Then the union deteriorated and dwindled to almost nothing, whatever was left, however, remained firmly in the control of John L. Lewis.

REFORMERS, idealists and intellectual partisans of the labor movement thought, at the time, that John L. Lewis could have saved his union during the twenties by a more positive program, but looking at the situation calmly and from this distance it is hard to see what more he might have done in the climate of that day. At any rate, when the dramatic change in labor's fortunes came with the New Deal and Franklin

---

Father Rice has for many years been actively concerned with labor problems. He is now a pastor in Washington, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delano Roosevelt, Lewis was ready. It is characteristic of him that he did not run to meet Roosevelt the candidate, because he had no confidence in him; but as soon as Roosevelt the President gave his first signs of concrete assistance to organized labor, Lewis both capitalized on the assistance and rallied to the man who gave it.

If Lewis was unable to cope with the disastrous phase of labor history that was the twenties, he was superbly equipped for the opportunities of the New Deal. He had not lost his nerve and he had not allowed the inner core of his organization to decay. Within one month after the N.R.A. was enacted, the Mine Workers Union was in full bloom, and within six months it had the industry as solidly organized as ever before. Granted the special spirit of the average miner, his abiding faith in the union and his militance, one still cannot discount the decision and vigor of the Mine Workers' high command.

Now came the great days of John Lewis and his Miners. He and his lieutenants knew that it was not good for the Miners to be alone as the only strong mass union in America's industrial complex. They were convinced that the debacle of the twenties would not have been had other industries been organized, and now there was a chance to get them organized. As the prestige of capitalism dipped low, the great open shop industries (automobile, electric, rubber, glass and, particularly steel) were ripe for organization. These depression-wracked industries had ground down wages, installed the speed-up, practiced a host of petty, degrading and infuriating economies, and in general had lost their vigor and their judgment. As recovery started, a spontaneous demand for trade union organization arose among the workers.

The N.R.A. made unionization more easily attainable, while stupid company tactics rendered the workers clamorous for it. But, the A.F.L., badly battered by the twenties and surviving only after a fashion, was weighted down by age, caution and unrealistic attachment to tradition. There was, therefore, actual danger that the priceless opportunity to organize the unorganized would be allowed to slip away in indecision and bickering over forms of organization and craft jurisdiction.

Lewis slammed into the situation. He struggled briefly for the right to proceed within the "house of labor"; when that was denied, he organized the Committee for Industrial Organization and committed to the fight his lieutenants, his union and the Miners' treasury. It was a slap-dash but powerful affair. With his mind on the grand strategy he was not too concerned over events in the field; he remained unperturbed about Communist infiltration into the new unions and organizing committees. But the job was done, and the great citadels of anti-unionism were breached. Lewis used the friendship of Roosevelt and the aura of the New Deal; he growled when all the members of the Administration did not cooperate with him all the way. As a realist, he accepted the best contracts he could get, not insisting on the full union shop and some other controversial provisions. Also, and typically, he used his influence and charm on selected men in high places, such as Walter Chrysler and Myron C. Taylor.

HOW GREAT a public figure he was and how he departed in bitterness from the political embrace of the New Deal and the social aura of Roosevelt's Washington make a story in themselves; but we must note that, for a time, he was a glamorously attractive personality, a symbol of the struggle for justice and reform, a living legend. What happened to him as a person, how his ambition got out of bounds, how his vanity and imperiousness began to dominate are well enough known. He sulked and brooded like Achilles in his tent in 1940, after he tried to turn the labor vote against Roosevelt, and failed. He wandered in strange isolationist company, and during the war he took a sullen, solitary, but trade union, way. He gave up the presidency of the C.I.O., and wrenched his Miners out of that body. Then he expelled from the U.M.W. Philip Murray and all the other Miners who chose to remain with Murray in the C.I.O. For an embittered decade, grand and scornful gestures were the order of his day.

During the war and its immediate aftermath Lewis waged skillful and daring campaigns for trade union objectives. Using the strategic position and economic power of his union, almost as if there were no national crisis, he had managed, before the fifties began and his union's strength had once more ebbed away, to win wages and other concessions almost without parallel. In the course of this successful push, he publicly quarreled with two Presidents, many boards, commissions and courts of law. He almost went to jail; and both he and the union upon occasion had to pay heavy fines. The miners and many other workers loved him for his truculence; big men of industry and finance rather liked him, too, in this phase; but the general public took him seriously and hated his arrogance. Editorial writers made him a symbol of irresponsible labor union power. This did not hurt him or his miners, but it did hurt the labor movement in general, and public anger at Lewis was a motivating force behind the legislative blitz that produced the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947.

The intransigent old fighter was outraged at the Taft-Hartley Act and its controls on labor, and he refused to sign the non-Communist affidavits which the act specified. His outrage was transferred to the A.F.L., which he had barely re-entered, and when the A.F.L. leaders would not join him in massive non-compliance, he contemptuously dis-affiliated. His District 50 was ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pendable, and his solid core of Miners was impervious to the act's harassments, whether he complied or not. Here, as virtually always, he was the trade unionist.

As Lewis bows out he leaves behind a monument that, magnificent and laudable as it is, has its flaws. By hard bargaining he has levied on the coal industry a royalty of forty cents per ton which goes into a U.M.W. Health and Welfare Fund. A splendid system of medical care, clinics and hospitals for miners, active and retired, and their families has been administered with undeniable intelligence and integrity. It is a monument John L. Lewis can be proud of. But it has its heavy cost. The forty cent a ton royalty makes non-union strip mining a profitable enterprise, and some twenty-five per cent of the bituminous coal now being mined in the United States is non-union. This is of grievous concern to the U.M.W.

And there is another cost. The forty cent royalty made sense to Lewis because he has always accepted mechanization of the mines, and money pours into the fund regardless of how many miners are displaced by machinery. Today, less than 170,000 U.M.W. members are actively engaged in coal mining although the tonnage produced is greater than ever. American coal can still be sold cheaper in Europe than the Europeans can produce their own, but this does not help the gloom-ridden American mining districts, saddled as they are with chronic underemployment.

Lewis's calm acceptance of it embarrasses other unions which are trying to prevent runaway automation and want industry to share responsibility for the human and geographic victims of the machine. Lewis justifies his acceptance on the grounds of the danger and drudgery of the older way of mining, but these conditions have less application to other industries. He has thus run away from the deeper implications of technological unemployment and has not sought the more comprehensive solutions.

Furthermore, magnificent as it is, the system of medical care, clinics and hospitals is a palliative and not a cure. One can understand Lewis's accepting automation, because this acceptance springs from his realism and capitalism; the one he has always possessed, the other he has always admired and conformed to. But why did he not attempt any regulation of automation's onrush, and why was he concerned only with one facet of its harmful effects? Was it that, as an old man, full of honest sentiment, his mind turned to the sick and old, and so he gave his people pensions and medicine?

AT ANY RATE, it is regrettable that his imagination did not concern itself with lessening the impact of automation on younger men and living communities. He could have used the immense royalty income to train displaced miners in other skills, to assist them in finding new work and moving their families to it. What a pity it is that more was not done for the communities. To be sure, an almost Grecian fate intervened here, because the very thundering which accompanied the arrangement—the big operators' receiving their carte blanche for automation in return for royalty payments—tended to frighten away other industries which could have been established in the mining areas to benefit from the pool of skilled workmen, the efficient systems of transportation and supply, and the whole industrial community in being. In some mining communities, towards the South, unbelievable poverty, squalor and despair possess the abandoned and trapped inhabitants.

It is not likely that any labor leader of the future will establish and maintain internal control with the same ease as Lewis and some of his contemporaries. Lewis by various stratagems took away the autonomy of seventy-five per cent of his members to insure absolute control of his executive board, and he was thus able, legally, to manipulate the U.M.W. constitution at will. This is why he could make opponents simply vanish from the union. His whole apparatus of control is outlawed by the new Landrum-Griffin Bill. While Lewis could probably stay in power as long as he wanted, new concepts of strategy would have to be worked out to maintain his power, and what man in his eightieth year, crowned by laurels as he is, would find this struggle worth the effort?

John L. Lewis has been a giant. He has affected the course of history, and labor strategists of the future would do well to study his campaigns, large and small. Whatever else may be said, all men enjoying the benefits of unionism in our great basic industries must give a great measure of credit to this difficult, willful, but also resolute and shrewd old man who now stalks grandly into retirement.

WINTER DEPARTURE

I said that I would go as smoke or love
and not return. I would pull my collar up,
light another cigarette to puff
into a wind that moved with me, and drop
the ashes on the secondary dust
of snow, and I would close my ears to God
addressing some pedestrian lover lost
to sky light and its crossing lines of wood.

Then I would improvise a song for night
and try to stare the purity of ice
to water—like a flesh that cannot wait—
but keep the courage frozen on my face,
or sky might fasten me with barb and stick.
I started out, but suddenly looked back.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEAVE IT TO THE EXPERTS?

LAST WEEK I wrote about the difficulties the newspaperman faces in trying to report on the frightful complexities of social, cultural, scientific and political issues. The same difficulties beset the political office-holder, who is called upon to deal with these same issues. As life becomes more complex, the conscientious office-holder is called upon to pass judgment on more and more issues which he does not really understand. Granting for the sake of argument that our legislators are men of the greatest seriousness and highest intelligence, the contemporary Congressman faces an impossible task if he takes it that it is his job to understand all the issues with which Congress must deal. No one man can master so much complexity. To do so he would have to be a universal genius, and even then there are not enough days in a lifetime for any individual to get on top of so many difficult subjects.

It is understandable, then, that the tendency is for young Congressmen to specialize—in finance, agriculture, military matters, foreign policy, labor questions, business activities, etc. Anyone who wants to distinguish himself in Washington knows that the way to do it is to be *the* Congressional authority on some question.

All this of course means that Congressional activity is now concentrated on committee work. Meeting in committee eats up most of the legislator's energy and a great deal of his time. The effects are both good and bad. They are good insofar as at least a few members of Congress are well informed on any given issue facing the whole body. But when, for instance, one considers that the Senate has practically ceased to be the debating body envisioned in the classical theory, it is easy to see that the "expert" system has its drawbacks.

As masters of public debate it was supposed to be the job of the Senate to clarify political issues for the whole people, to sharpen differences about them, and in a unique way to educate the people for self-government. In the absence of that debate, more and more the issues confronting the nation are regarded as the business of unknown experts. The people are beginning to feel they have nothing to say about their own destiny. More serious, some of the people have ceased to care. Washington gets more remote every day. What goes on there is regarded as being just about as mysterious as what goes on at Cape Canaveral, and just as much a matter of expertise. "Politics" is no longer considered to be the vocation of the whole people but the particular occupation of a few.

Lately we have been hearing complaints about the political lassitude that is overwhelming the nation, especially the younger generation. I do not believe that this indifference is so much a matter of moral default as it is a question of the average man's feeling that nowadays "politics," once it passes beyond the election booth, is way over his head and best left in the hands of the "experts" who represent him in Washington. We are coming to believe that political decisions are much too complex and technical for anything we laymen might have to say about them.

Who, for instance, can understand inflation? It appears that one would have to hold a higher degree in economics to know what it is all about. We leave it to the experts. When a reporter is so bold as to question the defense policies of the nation, to take another example, no one is surprised that the President should get on his high horse and tell us that *he* knows, he is an expert in such matters, implying that those who are not experts would do well to hold their tongues. The hydrogen bombs may fall any day, turning all of us into ashes; but what does the non-scientist have to say about his fate? The question of annihilation, it seems, is something for another set of professionals.

Is the people's role merely that of going to the polls and picking out these experts? Sometimes one would get that impression, especially if one considered that the only political role urged upon us is to get out and vote, whether or not we understand the issues at stake, whether or not we know the difference between the White House and the House of Representatives.

What we sadly lack today, it seems to me, is the old-fashioned Senate debate. Without it, we are becoming a nation of political illiterates, cowed by the experts. But, the Senators will tell you, they are so busy with Committee work, so busy being experts themselves, they have no time for public debate. Perhaps the complexities of modern life make the Senators' preoccupation with expertise unavoidable. If so, we may need a new branch of government.

Recently Clare Boothe Luce suggested that the times required that a second vice-president be added to the one authorized by the Constitution. Perhaps we might begin thinking also of adding another body of office-holders whose job it would be publicly to debate the great political issues of the day. Certainly we need something to fill the vacuum which the present silence of the Senate has created.

Gifted as we are these days with the means of mass communications, it would be possible for the deliberations of such a group to reach out to all of American society. Our present problem, it seems to me, is not just that we are short on facts; we also need to know what the real issues are, what choices are possible.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

OUR MEN IN SATIRE

GOOD satirical movies are few and far between, so the sudden appearance of three of them on our screens is all the more welcome. Although made in different countries, these three pictures have in common an adult and sophisticated approach to comedy that is biting and sarcastic and occasionally hits a note of intense seriousness. "Our Man in Havana" and "A Touch of Larceny" unmercifully kid secret agentry and the precarious business of deceiving the pompous, but neither film shirks the responsibility that its jokes lead up to. And "A Lesson in Love," while laughing at a couple whose fifteen-year-old marriage seems to be heading for divorce, delivers a sugar-coated sermon on the unity and inviolability of family and home.

The title role of "Our Man in Havana," the mild-mannered middle-aged Englishman James Wormold whose salary as a Cuban representative for a vacuum-cleaner company won't support him and his seventeen-year-old daughter (Jo Morrow), is a natural for Alec Guinness. In many a film he has portrayed the turning worm, the near-innocent who gets beyond his depth in evil waters. In "Our Man" he has the part down to perfection. Although a non-Catholic, Wormold has raised his daughter as a Catholic because of a promise to his wife who deserted him years ago; and now he's determined to send the girl to a Swiss finishing school to get her away from the unwholesome atmosphere of pre-Castro Havana and away from the sinister army officer who's pursuing her. So when the head of Caribbean espionage persuades Wormold to become an agent for the British Secret Service, the extra money suits him fine. He hasn't the slightest idea what the spying game is all about; and when he's asked to recruit sub-agents, he invents a few. To give his bosses their money's worth, he even fakes up some drawings and passes them off as secret installations.

The joke is very amusing, but it gets out of hand when "they" (the enemy is never named) start killing off Wormold's fictitious assistants and even kill his best friend. In spite of this tragic turn of events, the film never loses its brilliance as a satire. The wry and witty script, written by Graham Greene who improved on his original "entertainment," has been expertly handled by Carol Reed who gave the movie its first-rate production with some stunning photography of Cuba (pre-revolutionary) and an outstanding cast.

Guinness is surrounded by actors whose roles are less important but whose contributions to the whole go far in making this stimulating film such a delight: Noel Coward as the meticulous spy who enlists the muddled Wormold as an agent; Ralph Richardson as the head of operations in London (there are brilliant scenes between these two); Maureen O'Hara as the secretary sent out to assist Wormold; Burl Ives as the German doctor who, because he is such a good friend to Wormold, is sucked into the machinations; Ernie Kovacs as the Cuban officer who pushes everyone around but still hopes to win Wormold's daughter. Producer-director Carol Reed has used these people and the large supporting cast expertly in scene after scene that is suspenseful, amusing, poignant—the best of which concerns a plate of poisoned food at a business man's lunch. "Our Man in Havana" may be bitter, but it's always bright.

THE NEED for more money is also what inspires James Mason to scheme his fantastic plot in "A Touch of Larceny." As a commander with a desk job in the British Admiralty, he's not exactly broke, but when he meets a very attractive American widow (Vera Miles) who is engaged to a very wealthy bore in the Foreign Office (George Sanders), he decides to compete for Vera. In a good performance Mason displays plenty of charm and *joie de vivre;* what the commander hasn't got is enough money. So he plans to hide a secret file at the office, then disappear; and when the newspapers accuse him of being a traitor, he'll pop up again, easily prove his innocence and sue the papers for defamation of character.

The execution of this carefully detailed scheme is quite amusing—especially the scenes on a deserted Scottish island where Mason hides. Guy Hamilton has directed his principals and large supporting cast well and with enough light touches that no one will take Roger MacDougall's witty script too seriously. The chicanery in "A Touch of Larceny," as in "Our Man in Havana," is finally exposed and its perpetrators made to realize the gravity of what they've done. Both films, adult affairs needless to say, end with an ironical blast that resumes the joke and puts all stuffy superiors in their place.

THE APPEARANCE of an Ingmar Bergman film is usually an event for those who take their movies seriously. "A Lesson in Love," "a comedy for grown-ups" is not quite top-drawer Bergman, but it is still an event. Some of the Bergman techniques in this 1954 Swedish movie (like the withholding of information, the awkwardly-introduced and lengthy flashbacks) seem more like the tricks of an immature and over-sophisticated craftsman. But then again some of this "comedy that might have become a tragedy" (as Bergman himself labels it) has a hilarious sense of fun and a poignant warmth that make it worthy of attention and more rewarding than most of the superficial comedies on our screens these days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After an introduction in which he breaks off with his mistress of last summer, the husband boards the train for Copenhagen hoping to win back his wife who is on the same train on her way to join her lover. The audience is offered not only snappy repartee between the husband and wife but many flashbacks which reveal the story and present status of the marriage.

It started nearly sixteen years ago when the husband won his wife away from the sculptor to whom she is now returning. On the whole it's been a happy marriage that produced two children who still need their parents. In spite of his infidelity, the husband loves his wife; and both she and he realize how unhappy his parents (shown in utterly charming flashback) will be if the apparently idyllic marriage ends in divorce.

Employing comedy that runs the range from touching family scenes to biting satire and even slapstick, Director-scriptwriter Bergman uses his cast extremely well. Gunnar Bjornstrand, as the somewhat bumbling husband, a gynecologist who "knows nothing about women"; Eva Dahlbeck as the lovely and determined wife; Harriet Andersson as their confused teenage daughter; Yvonne Lombard as the grasping and angry mistress; and Ake Gronberg, as the lusty sculptor, are all excellent in their various roles. And, as in all Bergman films, the photography and lighting are things of beauty. In spite of his tongue-in-cheek visual jokes, his cynical remarks about women being smarter than men and happiness being like greasy dough smeared over life, Bergman teaches a perceptive lesson in love.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SETTLEMENT IN STEEL"

Princeton, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: Your editorial "Settlement in Steel" in the issue of January 22 raises a number of pertinent questions concerning the terms of settlement and the method by which the settlement itself was achieved. Most will agree, I think, with your conclusion that it is imperative that other ways be developed for handling such disputes. But I, for one, would like more light on the implications of your statement that these ways should "include some provision for consideration of the common good."

If this means consideration of the common interest in the avoidance of stoppages that imperil national health or safety, that concept is already recognized, of course, in the existing law; the question remains one of developing a more effective method of implementing it. If, however, "provision for consideration of the common good" means protection against "inflationary" settlements as well, the problem is much more complicated. I do not recall that we have hitherto attempted to reach these two objectives simultaneously through governmental intervention without the regulation of prices or rates.

The unusual combination of circumstances attending the setting of wages and prices in the steel industry has produced at times a conjuncture of two problems that are logically distinct—the problem of the "emergency-creating" strike and that of the "inflationary" settlement. A legislative attack on the two problems on a national scale should take account of the fact that the second may be present without the first.

We have accepted the principle of statutory coercion in stoppages that imperil national health or safety. Are we prepared to accept it with respect to pricing also, in peace time? Can we have governmental intervention to prevent an inflationary settlement in a dispute that threatens national health or safety without barring inflationary settlements that are unaccompanied by such a threat?

Returning to the manner of handling emergency-creating strikes, you have, it seems to me, asked the right question: granted that the terms of settlement will not, in fact, be left to determination by "slugging-it-out," should we not provide statutory authorization for the appointment of an impartial board, without the necessity of the prior consent of both parties, to ascertain the facts and report its findings and recommendations, while the stoppage is postponed or suspended? I agree that we should.

If the availability of this procedure fails to produce a settlement, the threat of Congressional action can then be invoked. Moreover, in the absence of more drastic action for the prevention of inflationary settlements, the report of the board should serve to increase public understanding of the facts and issues involved in the problem of inflation by supplying the objective answers which, you note, were missing from the recent proceedings.

DAVID A. MCCABE.

"LOYALTY OATHS IN SCHOOLS"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: May I express sharp disagreement with your editorial [Dec. 11] in which, after praising the universities that have refused to continue in the student-loan program, you say: "If more leading schools withdraw from the program in protest against this provision it may stand a good chance of being withdrawn. And the schools will have performed one of the critical functions we have a right to expect from them." Now, the *schools* as such have peformed no high "critical function"; you should

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

applaud the various administrative heads of these schools who have taken it upon themselves unilaterally to deprive their students of the rights due to them by law. If the entire student body had voted in concert with the administration for the discontinuance of the loan program, then the action you approve might be defensible. Would not a vigorous protest by the presidents of these schools have fulfilled this "critical function" as well, and without any suppression of the right of free choice among the students who may happen to differ with the heads of their schools—and who are, after all, the ones most injured by this type of action?

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER.

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: I should like to congratulate The Commonweal for its timely but all too brief editorial entitled "Loyalty Oaths in Schools" [Dec. 11]. I believe there is an intimate correlation between this editorial and another one in that same issue of your magazine entitled "Leaders and Leadership." The latter editorial states that though man is a weak creature, prone to error, "there is more to him than his failings and he deserves to be dealt with in terms of his total nature. He deserves to be dealt with in accordance with the best in him, no matter how obscured and submerged this may be by the worst in him."

I fully subscribe to this well-phrased principle, but there is reason to doubt whether colleges and universities which greedily reach for a federal hand-out, and in the process compromise their own and their students' independence of thought and action by unnecessary oath-taking, are competent to stimulate the minds of their students in accordance with the best that is in them. Are they not, under such circumstances, more likely to bring out the worst that is in them, namely cowardice, conformity and complacency? Are they not more likely to produce glad-handers, yes-men and eager beavers, bent on getting on the team at any cost? One cannot help but notice that in present-day transactions, whether they be in the market place, the campus, the bureaucracy or elsewhere, there is a sickening amount of what can best be described as soul-buying. The great tragedy is that so many people are ready and willing to barter their souls for some temporary advantage or other.

A person would like to believe that C. Wright Mills (*The Power Elite*) grossly exaggerates the extent to which the three pillars of society—the family, the Church and the school—"adapt to modern life." In regard to the schools, Mills declares that they "select and train men for their jobs in corporations and for their specialized tasks in the armed forces." Admittedly, colleges and universities are expected to do many things today not required of them in the past. All the same, no university, worthy of that august name, can allow itself to become a mere spawning ground for corporate group-think or a boot camp for aspirants to the officer elite. A university may not always attain the high objectives laid down by a Newman or a Hutchins but it can never lose sight of the ideal of instilling in its students a love of learning and, in accordance with their respective potentials, it must ever strive to transform them into men of integrity, honesty and humility.

As a Catholic, I was saddened to discover that among the schools which questioned the propriety of the loyalty oath not a single Catholic college or university was mentioned. I assume that Catholic colleges are eligible for participation in the National Defense Education Act, and if they are, it is difficult to understand why there has not been the slightest whimper from any of them regarding the oath. I am fully aware of the grave financial burdens which confront the Catholic colleges, but even so, I would expect them to be in the vanguard of those who would dare to defend their rights against an invading Caesar.

As so often in the past, I can almost hear some of my co-religionists repeat that old saw that Reed, Oberlin, Harvard and indeed all the schools which have objected to the oath, are full of atheists, Communists, pinks, fellow-travelers, fuzzy-headed liberals, etc. But are they? I do not think so. On the contrary, I believe these schools are a credit to America. They have vindicated their worthiness to be entrusted with at least some of the nobler functions for which colleges and universities exist. Above all, they have, in their objections to the oath requirement, demonstrated a high concern for the moral sensibilities of their students and this, in an era of me-tooism, is no small consideration. The sad irony of the situation is that Catholic schools, because of the Church's concern for the spiritual, intellectual and physical needs of man, have a greater potential for educating the whole man than do many non-Catholic schools.

I have the horrible suspicion that the ominous silence of the Catholic colleges and universities in regard to the loyalty oath is related to what Will Herberg has described as the ultra-patriotism of American Catholics. Up to now Catholics and Catholic schools in America have expended too much energy in attempting to prove to every doubting Tom, Dick and Harry that they are loyal, patriotic citizens. This task should now be left to the Catholic War Veterans, and the Catholic colleges and universities should concentrate on developing the moral and intellectual potentialities of their students. In performing this noble task they will be loyal to their great Catholic heritage and they will, furthermore, be able to make a badly needed contribution toward allaying some of the more despicable aspects of the current American ethos.

SAMUEL J. FANNING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Albert Camus: 1913-1960

by WALLACE FOWLIE

THE DEATH of an important writer in France always attracts an unusual amount of attention in the newspapers and weeklies. Accounts of such an event in other countries tend to be sober and more restricted. But for the French, death is an occasion to rehearse and interpret and magnify the achievements of a writer. The tragedy of this January had so many exceptional elements in it that, for the ten days following it, the name of Albert Camus seemed to be every where in the press, and constantly recurring in the conversations of friends and families.

The absurd automobile accident on a familiar summer vacation highway, Route Nationale 5, which caused the instant death of a celebrated writer and Nobel Prize winner, would suffice to explain the fervor of the journalistic press. But Camus had become much more than a writer in France. He was much more than the author of *La Peste* and *La Chute* for those Frenchmen who may have felt a national pride in his receiving the Nobel Prize two years ago at the age of forty-four. He occupied a privileged place, with only two other living writers, Sartre and Mauriac, that of leader and inspirer for the younger intellectuals of the country. The popularity of these three men has fluctuated considerably during the past decade. At the beginning of 1960 the name of Camus had, on French youth, certainly less influence than it did in 1945 or 1948. But I doubt if any other French writer had more prestige in France and abroad.

Simultaneously with the expected articles and pictures of the popular press, appeared articles from those men, writers and journalists, who have differed with Camus on political-philosophical issues and who have even held publicized disputes and quarrels with him: Jean-Paul Sartre, notably, and Claude Bourdet and Jean Daniel. The peculiarly French need of clarification and synthesizing, the *mise-au-point* of ideas and arguments, explains, I imagine, the immediate publication of these half-eulogistic, half-interpretive messages.

There will be much more in the future on the absurdity and the fatality of this death. The career of Camus has been extraordinary in every way. The thousands upon thousands of his readers will not recover quickly from the shock of his disappearance. For some time it will be hard to believe that he is no longer here to consult on the harassing problems facing France today and facing the world. It would be foolhardy to try to estimate the number of Frenchmen who had learned to think with Camus, to derive hope and sustenance from his thought and his books. Far more than a novelist and a playwright, that is, far more than an artist, he had become a moralist. After all, in the history of French letters, the moralists, those writers who have stressed the purely human values of conduct, occupy the highest and the most original place.

This very position of moralist in the case of Camus is looked upon by Sartre as a defect or as a failure to meet the greater challenge to participate actively in the political events of the moment. The position of the pure moralist is far too prudent for Sartre, the *engagé*. Long before the situation in Algeria had become a crisis and a war, Camus had been the very first to sound the alarm. After all, he was the Algerian Frenchman who knew the complexities of the situation better than most. When Camus received the Nobel Prize, he said to the King of Sweden, "You are honoring a Frenchman of Algeria."

His silence on the Algerian question during the past few years has been difficult for his friends and opponents to explain and justify. They have not forgotten the remarkable series of articles he published in *Combat* between 1944 and 1945 on the role of action in the affairs of men. They were not resigned to the seeming retreat from action which the last years of Camus' life represented.

THOSE WHO had hoped for more from Camus in the present crisis have expressed disappointment, but without bitterness. They willingly grant him the right to a momentary fatigue or discouragement. With the tragic event of his death, it is clear that Camus is a modern hero in every sense, a hero who will be discussed for a long time to come and whose legend will gradually be composed. His birth in poverty, his revolt against the condition of man and his role of *résistant*, his glory and apotheosis as a writer, his disenchantment and his accidental death coming soon after he had said, "I have done nothing yet, my work is ahead of me."—these are surely the elements of a legend.

Mr. Fowlie, a member of the faculty of Bennington College, Vermont, is now in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the simple human facts of his existence are now being revered and rehearsed: his loyalty in friendship; his skill in dancing, swimming, football; his traits of sensualist and puritan; his uprightness and intellectual honesty; even his appearance when wearing a trench coat (a Japanese Humphrey Bogart, according to one writer). But even in these days following his death, when the human tragedy of Camus the man is uppermost in the minds of everyone, the philosophical hypotheses of Camus the thinker have not been omitted from the printed and the oral tributes. A generation of Frenchmen, and countless readers outside of France, seriously considered his justification of despair. Many learned to live by this justification. The way in which his character Meursault (in *L'Etranger*) looked upon the world was comparable to a divorce between a man and his life. It is hard to remember that this awareness of absurdity, which became an experience heeded by so many, was formulated by a writer not yet thirty.

Written in 1940, *The Stranger* was published in 1942 and had, almost immediately, a marked repercussion. His work then became an effort to reconcile his faith in life with his sense of the absurdity of life. The articles in *Combat,* written during the months immediately following the Liberation, offered as much hope to the French at that time as the example and the action of General de Gaulle. This was perhaps the moment of Camus' greatest moral influence. He was the frank, outspoken defender of human values. He never denied the repugnance he felt for the world in which he lived, but likewise he never ceased claiming a solidarity with men who suffer in that world.

The reaction in Paris to the death of Camus is a curious combination of mourning and pride. The suddenness and prematureness of the tragedy have been softened by the survey of the man's achievements. In less than thirty years the scholarship boy of Algiers became a Nobel Prize winner. Many biographical details have been examined in order to explain or interpret both the accomplishment of the writer and his fate.

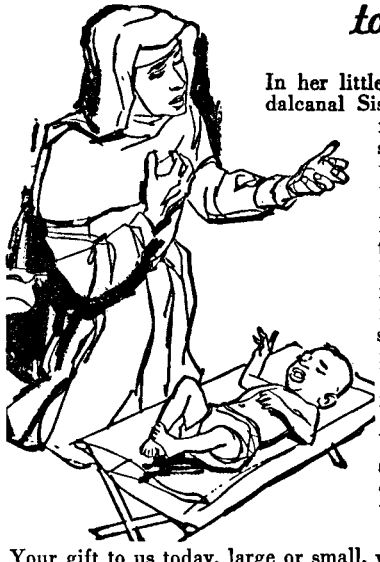
The Algerian background in particular has been stressed. The early book of *Noces* is lyric praise of the sun and the sky of Algeria. It contains, in addition to themes developed in later books, a series of words which are veritable keys to his meditations: *terre, mer, desert, hommes, douleur, honneur.* As a student and young writer in Algiers, he read Dostoievsky, and his last work in Paris was a staging of *Les Possédés.*

Experience with poverty in Algiers and during his early difficult years in Paris gave Camus his understanding of the working classes and the poor. With the Nobel Prize money he purchased, eighteen months ago, an estate in the south, at Lourmarin, in Provence. All the six hundred inhabitants of the village adopted him as a friend and felt at his death as deep a sorrow as his friends in Paris. He is buried today in the small cemetery of Lourmarin.

DURING the last years of his life, on several occasions, Camus expressed irritation with being considered the representative of virtues. He felt himself unworthy of such praise. The ideas of a man inevitably change or deepen with the passing of years. Especially the kinds of concepts and ideas Camus examined and reexamined all his life. His honesty was such that always when he found himself to be in the wrong, it was acknowledged. The public dispute he had with Mauriac, after the Liberation, over the problem of punishment of political "collaborators" is an outstanding example. Three years later Camus confessed: *"François Mauriac avait raison contre moi."*

Death is for Albert Camus the consecration of his inconsistencies. The reasonableness of his mind—we might even say his French reasonableness—was always being baffled by the rapture of his senses and by the dismay he felt on examining the universe. The country boy and the philosopher remained simultaneously present in him. He spoke of the two possible ways of living in our day: solitude and solidarity, and he advocated neither one. Sartre once called him one of the gifted heirs of Chateaubriand, and in that definition evoked the curious amalgam of traits that he demonstrated: the exotic, the idealistic, the quasi-Christian.

You can be **THE ANSWER...** *to a prayer!*



In her little dispensary on Guadalcanal Sister Joan prays . . . for a small bottle of silver nitrate . . . to prevent blindness in the new born babies.

In Kerala, India, Sister Mary prays . . . for baby food for the infants who are brought into the hospital starving . . .and promises a month of extra Rosaries if it arrives in time.

Will you be the answer to thousands of prayers like these?

Your gift to us today, large or small, will speed desperately needed medicines to missions all over the world. The missionaries will then pray . . . for you . . . in thanks for helping their poor people to know the mercy of Christ.

Send any offering you can, to
REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J., PRES.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board
Dept. C, 8 W. 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virtues, Failures and Triumphs of an American Writer

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF. By Norman Mailer. Putnam. $5.

By JAMES FINN

NORMAN MAILER has accurately named his latest book. The bravado evident in the title informs the entire work. He has, as he says, used his "personality as the armature of the book." If the bravado is not sustained and the armature seems sometimes uncertain, one can fairly say, "Who touches this book touches a man." The book itself is a collection of short stories, articles, poems, parts of novels and a play that Mailer has written over the years, the whole arranged in chronological order with each item prefaced by an "advertisement" written for this collection. In the advertisements Mailer delivers himself of information about such things as the genesis of each piece, the circumstances in which it was written, the reception it received, his past and present evaluations of the work, his opinion of other opinions, and, always and relentlessly, about Norman Mailer.

In the words of the blurb writer for the dust jacket (in this case, Mr. Walter Minton, President of Putnam) "the book opens a literary mine of new perceptions into such obsessive themes in American life as war, sex, politics, the beat generation, the orgy, homosexuality, psychoanalysis, jazz, the Negro, the Jew, the Marxist, the literary scene, the mass-media, marijuana, murder, the psychology of violence and a hearty dozen of other such preoccupations." This bad sentence reads like nothing so much as bad Mailer, but it does indicate the range of material Mailer covers. All that is left to complete the superficial description of the book is to say that the styles, too, are diverse; they range from simple direct exposition to confused sludge, from a hard sure realism to controlled hallucinatory prose. There is, further, an easy dependence on the vocabulary of obscenity and scatology.

There are a number of unfavorable comments one can make about this book, and I will make some of them before considering its very real merits. Mailer is attentive to his style, its syntax, rhythms and effects. He will explain lovingly the reason for an apparently trivial change. Yet he can, in one of the stories he most values, write: "Like most men who have been married for ten years, Eleanor is not quite real to him." This is a small point, but such faults and worse are strewn through the journalistic columns he turned out for the *Village Voice*. While Mailer's own judgment has changed from the time when "most of the columns seemed marvelous to me," he still finds some merit in them. They are, in fact, as bad as anything I have read by a writer I value.

Mailer has evolved an updated "cult of experience" which he takes quite seriously. It leads him to such comments as "I wish to attempt an entrance into the mysteries of murder, suicide, incest, orgy, orgasm, and Time. These themes now fill my head and make me think I have a fair chance of being the first philosopher of Hip." I was tempted to follow this with *sic, sic, sic* and dismiss it for foolishness. But it is out of such concepts that Mailer produced *The White Negro,* one of his most ambitious pieces of cultural analysis. *The White Negro* is important in Mailer's development as a novelist. It shows not only a willingness to clear out the underbrush of conventional attitudes and assumptions, but the ability to carry through with new, if outrageous, concepts.

One further objection to Mailer's book and I will have done with them. This is the age of the secular confession. Personal revelations of our vices and foibles are not limited to the psychoanalyst's couch; they form much of the staple of our cartoons and our conversation, our ghosted "autobiographies" and our biographical movies of living "celebrities." And, while it is not new, it is increasingly common to see memoirs, private journals and personal letters published while the interested parties are still interested. It is the dangerous tendency for even the most sincere and sophisticated of these "confessions" to lead us away from rather than closer to the promised truth. There is, I suggest, the almost inevitable assumption that the honesty required to admit to certain faults is enough to transmute them, somehow, into virtues. They become, as it were, personal qualities, almost possessions, that one can claim and even cherish.

In advertising himself as he has, Norman Mailer has not escaped the danger of the public confession. In itself this does nothing to lessen the interest of the book; it merely means that what is revealed is frequently something other than what is said.

"Of course all life is a process of breaking down, but the blows that do the dramatic side of the work—the big sudden blows that come, or seem to come, from outside—the ones you remember and blame things on and, in moments of weakness, tell your friends about, don't show their effect all at once. There is another sort of blow that comes from within—that you don't feel until it's too late to do anything about it, until you realize with finality that in some regard you will never be as good a man again."

This is F. Scott Fitzgerald in *The Crackup,* that completely American book to which Mailer's bears such an odd resemblance. The blows from within and without that drain one's energy and threaten one's talent—these are the concerns of Mailer, too. When Mailer rages against blows from without he is deadly serious, e.g., "that national conformity which smothered creativity, for it delayed the self-creation of the race," and, more particularly, "a most loathesome literary world, necrophiliac to the core—they murder their writers, and then decorate their graves."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What gives Mailer value is that he is not content merely to rage; he analyzes the causes of his discontent with society and with himself and imposes a form upon them.

Having said this much, I realize that this book, and Mailer, have escaped definition and classification —which is perhaps as it should be. Mailer has revealed such egregious faults that he seems at first an easy target. But he is a moving target, never exactly where he was yesterday. He has an impressive range of style, of material, of tone. If he has a mind that sometimes manufactures false difficulties, it is also a mind that is not afraid to meet real difficulties. He has talent, energy and resilience.

To return to Fitzgerald: "of all natural forces, vitality is the incommunicable one . . . vitality never 'takes'. You have it or you haven't, like health or brown eyes or honor or a beautiful voice." Mailer seems to have the vitality that counts. If it is to be his "present and future work which will have the deepest influence of any work being done by an American novelist in these years," it is clear that he has a long road to travel. This book is a token that he may well have what it takes to accomplish the journey.

The Great Threat

THE TWO CULTURES. By C. P. Snow. New York, Cambridge University Press. $1.75.

By MARTIN GREEN

AS ONE of the five Commissioners at the apex of the British Civil Service, as well as a genuinely distinguished scientist and a genuinely distinguished novelist, Sir Charles Snow is one of the most remarkable Englishmen of his generation. And this little book, which distils the experience of each of those three careers, is perhaps his most remarkable achievement. In fifty-odd pages—this is the Rede Lecture he gave at Cambridge last year—he offers us three ideas, any one of which could cause a revolution; every one of which almost certainly will. It only remains to be seen whether it is a controlled, useful, life-giving detonation, or a slow, sloping, sinking of the land and final inundation, for the whole Western society.

First of all, he points out that the members of the two cultures in Britain, the literary and the scientific, (and the situation in America is not significantly different) are ignorant of, unwilling to comprehend, and actually hostile to each other. This is not merely a matter of factual knowledge, or vague prejudice; the heroes of one are unknown to the other, the same words mean different things in the two vocabularies, the whole range of emotions of one is as different from the other's as the Western musical scale is from the Arabic.

Sir Charles demonstrates these differences. The scientific culture, for instance, deals in much more unqualified optimisms, and missionary enthusiasms, and practical energies, than literary men can face without embarrassment and skepticism. This is a personal, and a national, and an international catastrophe. Nationally it means half our cleverest men are out of contact and sympathy with the other half; internationally it means Russia, where the same hostility does not exist, is more likely to solve the complex problems of an industrialized culture; personally it means each of us is denied half of the feelings as well as half of the facts that are necessary to understand and to respond to this, our, situation.

Sir Charles goes on to point out that members of the literary culture, the traditional culture, of the Western nations, have never really accepted even the industrial revolution, much less the scientific. British and American novelists do not, cannot, assume that their readers know about, or care about, industrial or scientific problems. Russian novelists can and do. In fact, Western novelists and novel-readers are less attuned to that whole complex of experience—the social plasma of which we are a part, in Sir Charles's words—than they were fifty years ago. Western intellectuals, that is, have never accepted the characterizing traits of the place and time they live in, and they are turning their backs on it more as time goes by.

Finally, our age's great international problem is the industrialization of the backward countries. At the moment some poor nations are literally getting poorer, while the gap between the poor and the rich widens every day. In India the expectation of life is now less than half what it is in England. What the poor countries want, and now know that they can demand, is help in their industrialization—which means, most importantly, large numbers of trained personnel.

But neither Britain nor America, nor both together, have anything like that number to spare. Russia, however, is training fifty per cent more engineers than all the rest of the world put together; two and a half times as many scientists and engineers per head of the population as Britain. Russia is able as well as willing to give just the kind of help the underdeveloped nations need and ask.

These are merely problems, and well-known ones, but described by Sir Charles they become ideas. He speaks very much to his Cambridge audience, and very much in terms of Britain's particular destiny, but his implications, for America, are perfectly clear and burningly urgent. His pamphlet is full of facts and figures, practical suggestions and prudent qualifications, but the heart of it is an idea as inflammatory as those of 1789.

As a piece of writing, however, it is cool, pungent, colloquial enough to be classed with E. M. Forster's, George Orwell's, D. H. Lawrence's essays; it belongs, that is, to that tradition in modern British prose which is one of Britain's real achievements in this century: a lightness of touch with no implications of flimsiness, a personal and polite tone married to a prophetic idea as enormous as anything in, say, Carlyle. This is the prose style of a great culture, and one of our best omens as we face the danger Sir Charles outlines, is the way he has told us about it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East-West Again

FUEL FOR THE FLAME. By Alec Waugh. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

THIS IS one of those novels perennially beguiling to the hearts of American readers. In it, we meet a society more heady and even more pluralistic than our own, where East meets West, and by way of dialogue either draws the knife or hops into bed with the ancient enemy. Both courses of action make hypnotic reading. On the surface, it is all rather like an updated Sax Rohmer.

In the first chapter, Prince Ryha, heir to the throne of mythical Karak, meets the daughter of an English university professor at a London cocktail party. Over the martinis:

He laughed. She was fun. She was frank and direct, with an unself-conscious sense of humor. It was a characteristic of Englishwomen that he liked, and there were a great many things he liked about Englishwomen. He had heard them called stiff and cold . . . (but) Englishwomen were very different with foreigners.

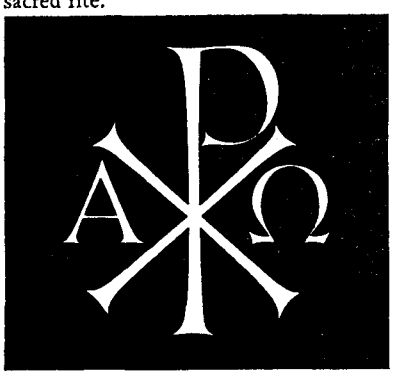
Some pages and many nights of love later, Ryha is called home to prepare for his immanent responsibilities as king. He proposes marriage to the fun girl, who accepts. Back in Karak, the marriage is postponed for two months while Ryha serves a requisite novitiate in a Buddhist monastery. He emerges convinced that meditation is "perhaps the most important thing in life," but she marries him anyway. At story's end, Ryha and his morganatic queen are about to bring forth an heir, and have concluded that her "happy-go-lucky way" before her marriage was an indication of her instinctive Buddhism, all along.

Between the beginning and the end, we are treated to long views of the oil colony in Karak, where a vast number of British display aspects of the human condition by drinking, staging amateur theatricals, and falling in and/or out of love (and/or bed). A sub-plot concerns political activities between Karak nationalists and die-hard loyalists to England, with incidental Communist maneuvers.

Beyond simple-minded enchantment, the terrible thing about such stories is that they sound so true. As Mr. Graham Greene's Beatrice, in *Our Man in Havana*, remarks, people do seem to model their personalities in literary forms (her husband, she continues, is straight out

HIGH MASS

RECORDED IN ROME. Hear Mass in the Holy City—magnificently recorded as it was sung in Rome's Santa Susanna Church by Canon Sydney MacEwan and the Church's Choir. The album also includes a 32-page commentary by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Monsignor John Dougherty and Edward Jameison on the history and meaning of the Mass. This unique album will enrich every Catholic's understanding of the Church's most sacred rite.



THE MASS—Canon Sydney MacEwan, tenor, and the Choir of Santa Susanna Church. KL 5311

COLUMBIA

® "Columbia," "Masterworks," ℗ Marcas Reg.
A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

23d Anniversary

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

FRANK SHEED

"Theology and Laymen"

Sunday, February 14, 4 P.M.

Friendship House

417 W. 145th St., New York City

Coming February 26
CATHOLIC BOOK WEEK ISSUE
of The Commonweal

FIRST SPRING BOOKS

SAINTS WHO MADE HISTORY

The First Five Centuries
by Maisie Ward

On the great men who shaped the early Church from Clement and Ignatius to St. Patrick. A good picture of the rapid development of the Church before the fall of Rome. $4.50

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

Translated by Ronald Knox and Michael Oakley

Msgr. Knox, himself a great translator, found another to complete this translation. A beautifully clear modern English version of this favorite spiritual classic. $2.50

I BELIEVE

by Jean Mouroux

On the Act of Faith, considered as an act of personal commitment rather than as assent to dogma. By the author of *The Meaning of Man* and *Christian Experience*. $2.75

THE CHURCH AND THE NATIONS

Edited by Adrian Hastings

Studies of Catholicism in fourteen countries where Catholics are a minority, the United States, India, Norway and Lebanon among them. $4.75

At your bookstore

For full descriptions of these and all our Spring books, extracts from some, reviews of others, write for Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET

SHEED & WARD

64 University Place, New York 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of *Encounter,* all literary conferences in Florence and Chicago with due attention to *Botteghe Osscure*).

Who can claim that he does not know the variously "ethical," irreligious, fuzzy-thinking, conscience-stricken, eager, literate, right-minded, capable, culpable, hedonistic, kind, opportunistic, diversely loyal people that Mr. Waugh depicts? There is not a genius or a saint among them; and this involves no suspension of disbelief. We don't need Fu Manchu any more. The common, everyday horrors are enough.

REVIEWERS

James Finn is an associate editor of The Commonweal.

Martin Green is an Englishman who now lives in this country. He is on the faculty of Wellesley College.

Jean Holzhauer, a regular contributor, has written for *Today,* the *Catholic Messenger* and other publications.

ART

Courbet's Democratic Art

"TO WRITE verses is dishonest; to speak differently from ordinary people is to pose as an aristocrat." Although this was one of his typically bumptious statements, Gustave Courbet was not, luckily, a logical man and in practice could be a friend of Baudelaire and himself a true artist (perforce a poet, as Maritain has so eloquently pointed out) whose painting both revolutionized the art of mid-nineteenth century by its "realism" and contributed works of robust and vivid intuition that have enduring beauty.

A contemporary critic remarked that Courbet "produces pictures in the same way that a tree bears fruit," and this seems to describe the overwhelming ease of his painterly ability and his passionate empathy with nature. His avowed purpose in turning his back on the classical and romantic art of the day and propounding a fresh, direct, "honest" approach through his realism was that "realism was essentially a democratic art." This didactic if endearing purpose indeed manages to throw a pall over some of his paintings, mainly those monumental "genre" canvases that were his most self-conscious efforts. His true purpose was dictated by the simple irresistible desire to perpetuate the secret beauty and power of expressions that he discerned on the face of nature.

The full range of Courbet's art is offered in the retrospective exhibit now at the Philadelphia Museum of Art (until Feb. 14th) and later to be seen at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (Feb. 21-Apr. 14). It is an extraordinary exhibit, displaying Courbet in all his aspects. Through it the artist can be seen in his historical role as a crossroads or dividing line: on the one hand are the classicism and romanticism he supplanted, and those influences he embraced (chiefly Rembrandt and Velasquez) while on the other are his immediate connections with Corot and Millet and the whole Impressionist school. The latter took up and transformed his "emancipation" in such a way that his power is felt all the way into the new territory of twentieth century art with Cezanne, Matisse, etc. Outside of history he himself presents a divided picture, as indeed his biographer Gerstle Mack tells us he did in real life—"obstreperous, aggressive and conceited" yet capable of great "delicacy" and penetration.

It has been said, and I think truly, that Courbet painted figures as if they were still-lifes; it is when he really succeeds in this (outside of his portraits, which should be considered separately) that his figure paintings become great works of art. In what I think is the best picture in the whole exhibit, *One of the Young Women on the Banks of the Seine,* (a study for a larger painting, dated 1856) the figure is pillowed in the landscape and the whole suffused by a dappled, melting, shimmering light that creates

How do **YOU** *answer these questions about a*

CATHOLIC PRESIDENT ?

- How would he stand on the present "birth control" controversy?
- Would a Catholic President appoint an American ambassador to the Vatican?
- Does the Catholic Church in the U. S. take part in politics? Is there a "Catholic vote?"
- Should parochial schools receive *public* aid . . . such as free school-busses and textbooks?
- Do Catholics *really* favor the separation of church and state?

For informed answers to these and many other vital questions about Catholicism and the Presidency, be sure to read the article by Rev. John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame in the latest issue of LOOK Magazine. It's at your newsstands now.

TODAY...GET LOOK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a unity, a moment of truth, of breathtaking beauty. The well-known painting *Jo, La Belle Irlandaise* (called here *The Woman With A Mirror,* this was posed for by Joanna Abbott, Whistler's mistress, who also posed for *his* famous painting *The Little White Girl*) is like a still-life, and the fleece-like hair is the heart of the composition.

The remarkable picture *Head of a Pig* which really *is* a stilllife of a severed animal head, exhibits a powerful and eloquent reality. Courbet's nudes, whose flesh is so real as to sometimes seem all too mortal, give the impression of not only having succeeded in shocking the bourgeois as he intended, but of unsettling the artist's almost unerring instinct for coherent lyrical composition. His nudes reflect his feelings toward women, which was always superficial and detached (he wrote to a friend: "knowing there are women all over the world, I see no reason to carry one with me") in contrast to his feelings towards landscape, sea, sky, flowers and fruit which are deeply involved and lit by that "angelic excitement" that Baudelaire speaks of as the "veritable grace" accorded the creative artist.

The dreamy distances of sea and sky are exquisitely captured in the painting called *Seascape* with its watery oyster-colors, the grandeur and the hidden architecture of mountains in *The Rocks of Mouthier*. The mystery of mountain pools, the delicious shadows of forest glades, the succulent beauty of flowers, the fleshy forms of fruit—all these tumble from Courbet's brush. In these the artist can do no wrong; they appear created from a boundless enthusiasm and assurance. *Apples and Pomegranate Against a Landscape,* painted late in 1871 when he was in prison after being involved unjustly through his revolutionary sympathies, is a rich composition of dark red forms with a mysterious autumnal background that is as eloquent as any of his most ambitious works.

The high regard in which Courbet is held by abstract artists is a fact that provokes many explanations. Rene Hughe, in the catalogue of this exhibit, suggests that Courbet initiated by his love of material reality the future intenser scrutiny of the essence of that reality which concerns the abstract artist; John Canaday points out that abstract painters may even turn to Courbet for "vicarious satisfaction" in the nineteenth century painter's ability to "*both* record the realistic image and the inner meaning" (*my* italics). The truth probably is large enough to include both explanations, and may hinge on the fact that in his best painting Courbet is more artist than revolutionary, and simply succeeds in creating a fresh and enduring world of painted forms.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

"COME THE IDES *of next July and the newly independent nation Somalia, an Ethiopian thumb along the Indian Ocean (1,255,000 strong), will augment the moral authority of the United Nations as another member of the Afro-Asian block for world morality. Thus will the Somalis—with a vote exactly equal to ours—register their reflections on atomic energy, world disarmament, Korea, international justice, integrated schools and bipartisan marriages. Welcome aboard.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-3, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

College of Notre Dame of Maryland
Baltimore 10, Maryland
Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame
Fully Accredited
Program leading to A.B. degree
Arts and Sciences
Teacher Training **Pre-Medical**
For catalog and further information address the Director of Admissions

MARYWOOD COLLEGE
Accredited Catholic college for women. B.A., B.S., B.M. degrees. Art, business, psychology, dietetics, drama, guidance counseling, liberal arts, librarianship, liturgical music, medical technology, music (N.A.S.M.), science, special education, teaching (elem. & sec.), vocational home ec. Master's degrees in education, psychology, librarianship. Conducted by Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Catalog. Give date of high school graduation.
REGISTRAR, MARYWOOD COLLEGE, BOX C, SCRANTON, PA.

BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.
105 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.
Over 1,000,000 Used & New Textbooks of all publishers at reduced prices

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College Notre Dame

Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Liberal Arts; Home Ec.; Teaching; Commerce; Music. Inter-departmental major in Christian Culture. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

MAINE

St. Francis College

Conducted by the Franciscan Fathers. Small 4-year liberal arts college for men. B.A. degree. Majors in 6 fields. Organized sports: basketball, soccer, baseball, tennis; swimming, boating on Maine Coast. Two hours from Boston. Tuition, board and room, and fees: $1365. Catalog. Director of Admissions, 592 Pool Street, Biddeford, Maine.

Classified

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Catholic Books

• CATHOLIC BOOKS, NEW and USED
Free Lists, Free Search Service
C. F. PETELLE, Box 289, Maywood, Illinois

Political

• Let us MAKE YOUR OPINIONS COUNT
Let us SEND THEM TO EVERY CONGRESSMAN
for 33¢ a month. Free trial. Write
ACOPOLL (Co.) 430 S. Michigan, Chicago 5.

Employment Abroad

• OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, educational experience. Comprehensive new booklet surveys all possibilities for employment abroad in 60 countries, $1. HILL INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 26-W, Massapequa Park, New York.

Advertising

Classified
20¢ a word, 12 words minimum.
Centered lines: $1.20 a line, 2 lines minimum.
Time discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

Classified Display
$11.90 per inch, minimum.
Same time discounts.
Payable in advance except when ordered through recognized advertising agencies.

The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
MUrray Hill 3-9685

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Press Month, II

Year by year February is Catholic Press Month here in the United States. It is the occasion the country over for special talks, school observances, press exhibits and subscription drives—all aimed at widening and intensifying popular interest in a wide range of newspapers and magazines edited by priests and laymen.

The Commonweal itself is the only American weekly journal of opinion edited by Catholic laymen. As an expression of a point of view on social, political and cultural matters—the temporal order—it seeks to enlist an ever-widening circle of readers, clergy, laity and Religious who have an interest in the arts and public affairs.

During this February, in its eagerness to attract new readers, The Commonweal is making its biggest bargain offer of the year. This offer will provide over 600 pages of pertinent interpretation, and of comment on a world in transition, at a saving of 54% of the newsstand price—26 issues for $3. The coupon below serves as a convenient means of sending for this especially generous Catholic Press Month offer.

SEND FOR A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TODAY

Catholic Press Month Offer for New Subscribers: 26 Issues for $3

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Enclosed is $3.00. Please send the next 26 issues to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

2/12/60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED